

## The second part of

*Mess.* At Billingsgate my Lord.

*Falst.* I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

*Lord.* Come all his forces backe?

*Mess.* No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse  
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

*Falst.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Lord.* You shall haue letters of me presently,  
Come, go along with me, good maister Gower.

*Falst.* My lord.

*Lord.* Whats the matter?

*Falstaffe.* Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with mee to  
dinner?

*Gower.* I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you  
good sir Iohn.

*Lord.* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,  
Being you are to take souldiers vp  
In Counties as you go.

*Falstaffe.* Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?

*Lord.* What foolish maister taught you these manners, sir  
Iohn?

*Falstaffe.* Maister Gower, if they become me not, hee was a  
foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my  
Lord, tap for tap, and so part faire.

*Lord.* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

*Enter the Prince, Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with other.*

*Prince.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poynes.* Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst not  
haue attacht one of so hie blood.

*Prince.* Faith it does me, though it discolors the complexi-  
on of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not shew vildly  
in me, to desire small beere?

*Poynes.* Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as  
to remember so weake a composition.

*Prince.* Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for  
by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature smal beere.

But

## Henry the fourth.

But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue  
with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember  
thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how  
many paire of filke stockings thou hast with these, and those  
that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of  
thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that  
the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb  
of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou  
hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low Coun-  
tries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those  
that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom:  
but the Midwiues say, the children are not in the fault where-  
vpon the world increaseth, and kinreds are mightily strengthe-  
ned.

*Poynes.* How ill it followes, after you haue labored so hard,  
you should talke so ydlely! tell me how many good yong prin-  
ces would doe so, their fathers being so sicke, as yours at this  
time is.

*Prince.* Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

*Poynes.* Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prince.* It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding  
then thine.

*Poynes.* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you  
will tell.

*Prince.* Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I should bee sad  
now my father is sicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it  
pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad,  
and sad indeede too.

*Poynes.* Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

*Prince.* By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels  
booke, as thou and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistancie,  
let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inward-  
ly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as  
thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sor-  
rowe.

*Poynes.* The reason.

*Prince.*